Dear Mum & Dad,

Before I continue with No. 3 of my Palestine holiday letters, I want to say how pleased I was at receiving some mail yesterday, two from Edna, one from you dated 23 May. Received also a telegram from Edna, saying the head received mail & parcels from me. These would be the remaining three parcels I sent from Alexandria.

Well, after seeing the Jews at the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem & the Temple Area, we walked along the "Via Dolorosa" - the way of the Cross, that path trod by Christ nearly two thousand years ago. There is now an arch of stone over the narrow street called "Ecce Homo" - which translated from the
Latin means "Behold the man." It was at this spot that Pilate uttered those words when Christ was delivered to the people. Along the Way of the Cross are the various stages of Christ's journey to Calvary, and these are marked by a simple inscription on the stone walls of buildings along the route. There is the place where they stumbled and fell, the place where his brother saw him go by, and so on.

We finally came to the end of the journey of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the very spot where Christ was crucified and buried. You could see the original rock which has been built into a ground and the stone walls of the Church, so as to protect it. It was so cool and quiet in there, and one felt very humble.

Well, this brought our sight-seeing in Jerusalem to an end. I could have spent a week
there, looking around the place. In the evenings which were lovely and cool (Jerusalem is over a thousand feet above sea level) I would take a stroll among the newer part of the city and the residential parts. There were some magnificent buildings there, so elegant and simple in design. The streets and footpaths would be filled with people, out for the evening promenade. You will see snippets of some of these buildings in the fallaam I have sent you.

We left on the return journey after lunch and two hours later rode back in camp.

Our next trip was a day trip to Haifa, a little village a little further on. It was very pleasant sitting in the bus, whistling at my staff pipe, gazing at the green orange trees pass by with now and again a glimpse of the blue Mediterranean reach out of the left-hand window. Haifa is at the foot
of Mount Carmel, home of Elijah the prophet, who lived in a cave on top of the mountain where there is now an Carmelite monastery. On our motor tour up the side of the hill of the bus took us to the top. We gasped at the excellent panorama spread out below us - the new town of Haifa, oil port, with barrage balloons flying in the blue sky, with a ship off Haifa Bay to the right. In the distance to the right in the distance to the right, the Phoenix, and the right, right, the Crusaders' boat, the Napoleon. One of the Carmelite fathers who spoke excellent English in fact, he was English, took us from side to side found ourselves in the most beautiful church, shiny, ever seen. Not the biggest by any means, not was this open, living with draperies, candles...
a lot of other things of the sort — with white marble floors and a high dome overhead containing magnificent stained glass. Above you der the altar was a fairy stage carressed by a row of statues of angels mounted on the roof from there had any even better view. When Napoleon had to withdraw from here his wounded soldiers were taken to this monastery a cared for by the monks.

After lunch in the town of Naples they drove some ten to fifteen miles round the bay to Cire. Where we saw the fortress now a prison. From there we went on a couple of miles to a small farm owned by the Governor. In order to improve stock in the country it was a very picturesque place with duties and dem
convenience for the animals (I was almost going to say pull - change law obstaciles for the gos - but that would be stretching it a bit! ) However there I wasn't a single sallow a fly about the place - I saw some magnificent arab horses, string bulls & sheep & goats. Ofsen, who is a farmer, was in his element.

We returned to camp in time for dinner at 7 P M. Then to bed.

Next morning we left by bus for Nazareth. At the site of Nazareth, the ground in east along a valley used by the city of Gaba, called by donkey doing the hightway. From there finally emerges by an extensive flatland - the largest in all Palestine - the plain of Esdraelon (I think my spelling is at fault) with three kuses stopped. We all got out - the padre who
was in charge of the trip gathered up round us pointed out items of interest. On our way across the other side of the Jordan was a mound said to be the mound of Aggur. A few of the buildings of Hazoreth could be seen in the distance. The place was supposed to be the site for the final battle of Gomorra. But I'm afraid it would accommodate only about our N.Z. division when we get into battle formation. So I think the last battle will have to be fought elsewhere.

We continued our trip across the level plain, then ascended a first class road (all the roads in Palestine are first class) we to Hazoreth Roseetling among the hills. We had lunch here, after which we were shown the place where Mary and Joseph lived. That's well, of the Virgin's well is still there. The water from it is...
beautifully clear and cool. east with
the Bethesda Holy Places in Jaffa.
there is a church above
the site of the carpenter's shop.
we went on from here by bus
to the village of Nazareth,
where Jesus performed the first of his
miracles - turning the water into
wine at the wedding feast.

Nazareth possesses many modern
stone buildings, and is rather a pretty
place on the slopes overlooking
the lake. the Sea of Galilee looked
beautifully blue nesting among the brown hills.

we had time for a swim
day in a boat. then
we returned, through Nazareth
this time round the clock
of the Mount of Olives, giving
our original road father bow. we
were back in camp in time
for dinner.

on another day edwin and
i went toPalestine, an
hour run by bus from camp.
Tel Aviv, or "Hill of Spring," is one of the world's newest cities, now has a population of some 150,000 people. It is almost wholly a Jewish city, consequently everything is very expensive. A meat loaf and a Jaspe costs anything from 6 to 2s. It is a pretty, pretty place, with a wealth of trees, a lovely beach, homemade and very fine buildings and shops.

The day before our leave was up, we visited a Jewish settlement, many of which exist throughout Palestine. This one had been going for 10 years. Before the Jews came the land was a scrubby waste. Today it is a green mass of orange trees, vegetable gardens and the like. You must see it to believe it. Candy are the Jewish settlers' pride of their achievement.

Then, we arrived, we hadn't long had breakfast at camp.
But these people had another meal awaiting us in the dining room of the community schools. Extra lunch food, a glass of milk beside each plate of food I enjoyed myself. They made me tea, boiled eggs, tomatoes, cucumbers, cheese, wheaten bread, grapes. No wonder the children and people looked a picture of health. No chewing of sweets, holes, or rotten teeth. I thanked the ladies who had provided the food on behalf of our party. We visited the classrooms where I met the teachers, the headmaster, and two female assistants. Besides Hebrew and English is taught. I spoke to the subjects' parents and said I would get my pupils to correspond with them. I send stamps, etc., when I get back this autumn. I also ran fowls (white leghorns) geese, turkeys, and ducks.
eggs. The food given is all scientific - typically mixed - so no wonder the results.

Some of these Jewish settlements are run on communal lines - that is, no one earns anything for himself; it goes all into a common fund. Wages range from 
8 to 
18. There is no worry about not earning enough; there's a house for everyone, all help. And they are making the land run with milky honesty by scientific methods and irrigation. If I had known about these settlements, I would have stayed at one of these settlements, seen things for myself, and seen how we could have stayed at one of these settlements. I would have seen things for ourselves. I could have seen how we could have worked and been so happy. And I could have seen how we could have been so happy.

When I went on the trip, I spent a week at such a communal farm. He said he was amazed by the food - everything so fresh and plenty.
of it.

I think you these people had nothing to begin with. The money was advances from a Jewish national fund for them to get started each year. Then they go back. With people in such circumstances the scheme is bound to work. When the money is paid off, they are making a profit out of their small micro and then breaking away from present mode of existence.

The evening before we left, a family was invited to the home of a German Jew who with his wife and baby son had been dispossessed of land in Germany seven years ago. This chap - Karl Strackel - spoke quite good English and German. He grew grapes and manufactured wine.
He showed us his name in a published list of those Jews who had lost their lives under Hitler. He died in a death camp. He also noted the name of Professor Einstein, where his parents were, he didn't know. He had come out to Palestine about 1920 to work helping to build his own house, plant trees, etc. His wife worked too. They lived, in order to get ahead, they had a most interesting evening. He was such a decent child, not really like a Jew. He wouldn't like to come to MI. If he could get some job dealing with some cultural issues, making a living, our holiday in Palestine would at least come to an end. We were both very sorry it had been an unusual trip to have seen the Holy Places.
One had often wondered what things were like just really one to see them in reality to fully appreciate everything about them.

I forget two memorable things. First, I heard the Palestine Symphony Orchestra at a concert the night it was magnificent with symphonies more magnificent from the best of European orchestras. In its ranks it counted six violas among the strings. The other point was that of the eye of the needle - the rich much going to heaven. You will know the reference.

According to our guide who showed us over the old city of Jerusalem, the eye of the needle doesn't refer to a steel needle but refers to a small square door built into the big door which closed the city gates at night. This small door could be used by a team.
when the big gate was shut, but it would still need to impossible for a camel to get through.

In the old city we saw an old inn with the stairs on the ground floor, a ladder leading up to a balcony running round each side with rooms for sleeping above. This inn led off from a street, and a big shop with a smaller one let for built into it.

Well here I am back among the sands of Egypt. We are in the middle of Christmas now but this year hasn’t been good so far. The may get hotter weather yet, but if I can squeeze all these posts into one envelope I am sure you all in England are the same.

Love to you all from your loving

[Signature]